

the conquest of Mexico is a familiar story to our childhood. The city of gold, the idols, and of hecatombs, the reckless and the unfortunate Mentezuma, and the popular empire overthrown by a handful of foreign adventurers, excite by the wonder, the admiration, the sympathy, and the ambition of our nature. It will sometimes occur, "Would that we had in those days! How did the world have the successive reports of those incredible events!" We can scarcely expand our minds to the breadth of expectation which the discovery and the conquest of a new world must have universally raised. Perhaps, however, many who have indulged in these reflections are entirely unaware that after three centuries that history, wonderful coincidence, is acted over again. At this moment, the very path of the world is trodden by men, who, if they presume strange contrasts, are not less confident in the inflexible force of their cause, than the famed Conquerors. The flag of Republicanism supplants the place of the cross, whose reign the Cavaliers chose to believe themselves commissioned to enlarge. The destiny of the Union is at stake across the Atlantic, and one citizen would reject to Such is the spirit and such are the men who are making their way with the shadow of opposition from Vera Cruz. Such is the enterprise of which three or four days now brings us fresh tidings. Hitherto the Mexicans have represented the ancient natives of their country as the conquerors from whom they are really descended. On their side, it has been all defiance, obstinacy and rashness. The notes of preparation have been loud, and the threats sanguinary. At the moment when these promises should be realized, the bubble seems to burst. After the stand at Monterrey, there has scarcely been anywhere a resistance worthy of an independent nation. The unrepentant San Juan d'Ulloa, no sooner known to be invested than he was not wanting, Mexico could not but be the means of resistance. Since that fresh occasion has proved both the incapacity of the State and the degeneracy of the people. The battles of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo have proved, that whatever numbers, there is not the strength nor the morale in the Mexican republic to maintain an effectual war of defence. City after city—Tampico, Toluca, Matamoros, Monterrey, Vera Cruz, and last of all, Jalapa, are in the quiet occupation of the enemy. As for the Mexicans, one is almost tempted to ask by what accident of birth or of circumstances they exhibit so grotesque a character in so serious a drama. Last year they were standing out for empire and for honor. This year they fight for nationality and independence. But how are they now meeting an occasion which usually brings out all the powers and all the virtues of man? Pusillanimity and weakness, truculence and cowardice are the chief varieties of the scene. Armies disappear with a suddenness and completeness which make it doubtful whether they ever existed, except in the bombast of manifestos. The Commander-in-Chief is a man whose only power seems to be that of raising expectations which he is the last to fulfill. Himself a deceiver, he is deceived in return. The state which chooses him for lack of a better does not really trust him. While the war rages in the frontiers, and shores, and penetrates into the provinces, over the outer circle of those vast natural barriers that surround the capital, that city is divided, harassed and weakened by civil strife. Battles and revolutions, the presence of an invading army, and the conflict of domestic factions, are too much for any nation.

Mexico bids fair to exhibit one of those tremendous catastrophes which stand out horribly distinct in the annals of human calamity. Santa Anna and his colleagues are not men to be deterred by any consideration of social consequences. His present object seems akin to that of the desperado who blows up his stronghold as the assailants enter. He wishes to involve the conqueror and the conquered in a common ruin. The proclamation of a guerrilla warfare, giving authority to every score of ruffians to concert their own plans, to make their own attacks, to compel the co-operation of the unwilling, to murder all the Americans they can find, of whatever age or condition, is the act of one who gives up honorable war, and would efface or eclipse the memory of his failures by a mutual and universal massacre. It is impossible to say how the plan of a guerrilla warfare will work; but Santa Anna is still near enough to his antagonist to cause him serious annoyance on his road to the capital.

There, as we are credibly informed, has just occurred one of those acts of absurdity which can give an air of the ludicrous to the most gloomy conjuncture. The Mexican Congress has been gravely discussing whether it should not now accept the mediation of the British government, proffered many months since, and then contemptuously declined. They who thought the matter decided so easily re-opened, realize as little of the meaning of the mediation as they appear to do of the meaning of war. This proposal was gravely discussed, and stoutly declined, not as being useless, but an attempt upon the sacred liberties of the Republic!

The prospects of the Americans are not without their gloom, far and near. As they approach the capital, their army melts away. War, even with Mexicans, takes its quota. Garisons and communications make heavy draughts. The summer must now begin to tell. Though the advancing columns have now passed the *tierra caliente*, where the *ronito* is an annual scourge, and is now in the *tierra templada* among snow-capped mountains and elevated plains, yet the reinforcements have to encounter all the perils of a summer's march through a tropical climate. Meanwhile a more serious cause is draining the army at a crisis when it most wants men. The volunteers are returning, as their period of service expires. As in the ancient wars between England and Scotland, victory appears to be more dangerous than defeat.

In those good old days of amateur warfare, no soldier did the licensed murderer touch the spoil, than he sought occasion to return and enjoy it by his own fireside. In this way the largest armies and the most successful expeditions would suddenly melt away, and prizes do more harm than panic. Whether it be of glory or of spoil, the American volunteers are, it appears, soon satiated. This is no pleasant circumstance for a General plunging into the heart of a bitterly hostile country. But grant that he arrives at Mexico. That is only the beginning of troubles. What is he to do with his conquest? How is he to render so light, so fickle, and disorderly a people, faithful either as tributaries, or allies, or even as brethren and members of the Union?

A little, gentle, loving maid, In simple mourning weeds arrayed, Her eyes, yet pure, transparent face, Shows quick the passing ray of light, As if a bright red rose should change, By some ungentle touch, to grey, From white to red and red to white, Her drooping eyelids shade the light Of eyes that else had shown too bright; And on her lip a faint smile, As if she were indulging in the thought, Save when awakened by the light, It starts bewildered to a laugh! Her many sorrows leave no shade, Her heart of brooding gloom impart; But sunshine lies upon the hair, And golden glory round her head, And sunshine lies within her heart, Her lips and looks are love distilled, Her eyes are love's soft light, And love flows from her soul in floods, And makes her voice most musical.

DA. FAIRBANKS.

Letter from Green Hills.

The letter below is written by a plain strong-minded man. It bears at once the stamp of honesty, and right-heartedness. We shall be glad to hear from him, at length and often. Indeed, we hope our friends will write us letters for publication frequently. We shall be glad to hear from them, and shall make such use of their communications, and such only, as they may direct.

EXAMINER CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Examiner.

Messrs. Editors.—I have received the first three numbers of the "Examiner," and am highly delighted with it. It breathes the very spirit which should animate those who favor the enterprise. I have no doubt that your paper, gentlemen, is most happily chosen. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." All things, in the eyes of the world, must be subjected to the test of examination. Nor can those who are the friends of the truth, advocate consistently a subject to a searching analysis of those principles. If the result of such an analysis, be the development of truth and the exposure of error, every unambiguous truth, in the eyes of the world, who is honest with moral sanity, wishes to hold fast to that which is good.

Your views, gentlemen, are set forth in your "Introductory." I regard as remarkably judicious. I have no doubt that you will not see how any reasonable man can dissent from them. I marvel not that the editorial corps in your city is disposed to favor your undertaking. It speaks well for their heads and hearts. I have no doubt that you will receive my deep gratification, that Rev. W. C. Back has thrown himself out of companionship with the "brotherhood of the quill." He has assumed a more manly attitude. He has discarded the "brotherhood of the quill," and has taken the side of the slave and the master. He has such a horror of abolition that he seems disposed to identify every measure of emancipation with the "brotherhood of the quill." He has assumed a more manly attitude. He has discarded the "brotherhood of the quill," and has taken the side of the slave and the master. He has such a horror of abolition that he seems disposed to identify every measure of emancipation with the "brotherhood of the quill."

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the conviction,—that, if let alone, Kentucky would long since have summoned her energies to the uprooting and overthrow of this corrupting evil. A misguided spirit in some of the States, and her pride when she had just begun to feel the power of the determined not to be driven, or even to seem to be driven, to them, her people paused, content to endure, what is almost a daily suffering. But a broad gleam of light again burst upon her borders, as well as from those of Little Delaware. The work progresses once more. It is in the hands of those who have the right, and the power to accomplish the work, for, and I cherish fondly, confidently, the hope that the "Emancipator" will, ere long, proclaim Kentucky redeemed, Delaware regenerated and Pennsylvania free. Let us but have that day and event with a joy and pride as warm as the purest friendship can express.

Kentuckians! the eyes of the country are upon you. Disappoint not the hopes that your recent movements have given birth to. Meet the great question presented as Men, as Republicans, as Christians. Let your decision be one that shall through all time reflect credit upon your cause, generations yet unborn to honor your memory, and your children's children to bless you. Be true to yourselves, true to your holiest impulses, true to the great principles recognized in our National Declaration. Give your vote, and the freedom you so highly prize. You have in your hands the power to prize to four from the step you are called upon to take. The dangers you anticipate are all imaginary. Do right! and He who overrules all, will do the things work for your lasting good and prosperity. Give to labor its just reward, and to the laborer his proper position, and the hum of industry will penetrate all your valleys, and your soil will yield its abundant harvest. Your hills will give up their universal wealth, and your towers will recede, and Kentucky will move forward in the race with her sister States, with a clear conscience, and a bright future. Heaven grant that Kentuckians may feel the importance of the crisis and realize the truth that Kentucky soil was never designed for a slave population.

Wm. W. C. Back, you have embarked in a God-sanctioned enterprise. Let not your courage and your colleagues and co-workers to press forward. The spirit of the Kentucky Press towards you convinces me that your labors are expected. Station and emoluments are not yours in the field you have chosen, but the laws you win will never fade, the honor you win will be lasting, and the goodness the generous of Kentucky and of the country will invoke in your behalf the choicest blessings of Heaven. Go on! Falter not! Kentucky will not pause this time, until she has thrown off the incubus that weighs her down and takes her stand along side Ohio, a Free State.

Yours truly, OHIO.

CINCINNATI, July 26th, 1847.

Messrs. Editors.—As usual "nothing in particular" has been continually happening here for the past week. The most extraordinary thing which I have heard of, is the death of Sunday. By the way, did you ever notice that it rained hard on Sundays than on a week day. It seems as if this was the case I could suit my own experience. Be that as it may, there was more rain here on Sunday last, than on any day since I have been in Cincinnati, and that is nearly two years. The sewers, where we have any, were much too small to pass the water which ran toward their outlets. At the time of the rain, the cellars were filled, and the water covered the store floors to the depth of a foot. The same was the case in Syracuse. One of the culverts over Deer Creek was nearly carried off, and was also Waverly. The house occupied as a warehouse, near the head of the White Water Canal, was struck with lightning, but not very seriously damaged. A house in Montgomery was twice miles from this city, was also struck and nearly destroyed. All over the country, as far as we have heard from, the storm was very severe.

As a set off to all these damages and discomforts, however, the weather is now so much sweeter than it was, that the streets are swept clean of the dust, and glare no longer in the sun. The foliage looks green and healthy. So may it be with our political and moral condition. We feel that the clouds are clearing, and the sun is shining. We perceive the spirit of unrest, we hear the mutterings of the thunder, which precede the storm. We must feel the force of the wind, and hear the buffeting of the tempest, but thank God, that storm is behind us, and we are now in a peaceful path to "immortality," and in the opening bloom of life, was transformed from a state of earthly mission to a state of perennial glory and happiness.—N. O. Com. Times, 19th.

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